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at the exhibitions of the National Academy. There are a few transcripts of scenes in nature which, if painted by a competent craftsman, would make beautiful pictures, but because of their technical stupidity are heart-breaking examples of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. A lot of female nudes are so ugly and disgusting that the fair sex would be pardoned for sacking the whole exhibition.

Nothing could more clearly prove that the National Academy of Design in New York is not only not too strict, but not strict enough in the rejection of works of art. Nor could a more convincing proof be given of the absolute need of a jury to establish and maintain a standard which a work must reach before it can pass the portal of the temple of art—even of mediocre art—when judged by the great works of the past.

Finally, it is painful to see with what hypocrisy the charlatans in the "modernistic" art party drag in the names of great men like Ingres to whom in one breath they contemptuously refer as "academic"—without even knowing the true meaning of the term—and then, when they wish to bolster up their nefarious shows, drag in his name by quoting something the meaning of which they twist out all semblance to the real meaning attached to the remark when it was made!

Shades of Ingres! Were he here he would imitate Jesus—would belabor with a cat-o-nine-tails and chase out the vile money-changers and art fakirs who defile the Temple of Art.

This circus of hobo-art is truly an affront to the American people and a calamitous onslaught on the taste of our people and their common-sense canons of judgment. Hence, wandering through its mazes while we ridicule the show, a depression steals over

us when we come out while reflecting upon the seeds of æsthetic bewilderment sown broadcast by this conglomeration of art atrocities, whose hideous vulgarity cannot be wiped out by the baker's dozen of worthy things, most of which have been exhibited elsewhere.

What a noise its promoters have made about this affair! Yet if there ever were "much ado about nothing" as Shakespeare says and "a mountain in labor to bring forth a mouse," as the Latin has it, this Independent Exhibition bears away the palm. Independence is a fine thing, but when it degenerates into license it is a blight.

Let us hope that the few competent artists who have been so misled as to join this "galley" of artistic free-booters will never again lend their names to bolster up what seems to be nothing but a sensational scheme to advertise a few people anxious either to get into the limelight or more easily sell their wares.

Everybody in the world is an artist. Even a child making mud pies is an artist, in embryo. But great artists are rare. They do not grow on vines like tomatoes. And, besides being born to the purple, they must fight hard during a whole lifetime to overcome the many obstacles that the incompetent never surmount, which lie in the path between a hunger for notoriety and the achieving of real fame—by the creation of a great work of art. Great artists need not exhibit in any freak "Salon of the Independents."

Juries and the giving of recompenses in art exhibitions are profoundly good things, when properly managed. They become evil only when mismanaged. And all that is needful is to remedy the abuses of the system—of this we will speak at a later date.

M. BERGSON AND "THE ART WORLD"

THE visit to America of M. Henri Bergson, professor of philosophy at the Collège de France, is a matter of interest to those who have attended his lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris and to the much larger circles who have read in French or English the beautifully clear and balanced periods by means of which he has tried to explain his view of the most momentous of all subjects, the relation of mankind to the worlds of the living and the dead. With great courage he has tackled subjects that engaged the attention and baffled the wits of those thinkers of the eastern Mediterranean, long before Christ, who have the reputation among learned men of representing a high tide in human intelligence and one that reached a mark never since attained. It is pretty generally believed that, despite our advances in thought, despite the long list of brilliant writers from Kant to William James, despite our achievements in science, we are still *epigoni*, still among the descendants and disciples of the great who at one time examined the questions of whence, whither and why—as free from the fetters of tradition and racial prejudice as humanly it is possible. But such lucid presentation of these ideas as M. Bergson offers to his hearers and readers is among the privileges of our time.

M. Bergson has been greatly in demand during his stay in the United States, but he found time to meet the editors and supporters of THE ART WORLD informally, having been attracted before he left France by the spectacle of an earnest attempt in America to provide the public with a magazine devoted to the higher aspects of the arts and letters, without losing sight of matters interesting to circles of amateurs and all those that concern the daily output of artists and writers. It may be that our readers would care to know the opinion of a man of M. Bergson's attainments.

We do not violate any confidence when we say that he congratulated the United States for having anticipated other countries by the establishment of a periodical of this type, suited at once to the student and the professional, to the specialist and the wide reading-public—not so much for the needs of the writer and artist, which are supplied by special publications in their several fields, as for the advantage of the cultivated public, men who interest themselves in subjects beyond the ordinary affairs of life, beyond professional matters, business and sports, in order to find if possible those enjoyments of the mind we lump together under the term "æsthetics." (Continued, page 109)

Becoming animated, M. Bergson rose and in well-balanced, most exact English only slightly foreign in its tone, made, before he knew it, a little address in which he declined the title of "philosopher" but accepted that of "professor of philosophy" and showed unwittingly why his lectures have been so crowded by thoughtful residents of Paris. While no record of his remarks was made, it may be said that he augured well for the future of a republic such as ours, where favorers of new and sound projects spring from the body of the people and no one who has such aims need despair of a hearing.

Coming to THE ART WORLD itself, he expressed his admiration of the style in which it has begun, and his belief in its ideals. With some emotion he spoke of Dr. Henry van Dyke's verses about France and others that have appeared in the magazine, which show the profound sympathy that exists now, as of old time, on the part of the great republic of the West with his native land.

Though it is in the nature of self-praise, we have thought that such a tribute to THE ART WORLD from such a source ought not be withheld from our readers.

WILLIAM SARTAIN, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER

(See frontispiece and page 108)

JUDGED by years alone William Sartain, A.N.A. is one of the veterans in American art, but it is difficult to realize the fact when one looks at his recent pictures, for they do not suggest the work of the majority of painters of his age. There is a spring, a youthfulness in his landscapes, a feeling for and mastery of light which we are apt, perhaps unduly apt, to associate with the output of men much younger than he. At the same time his figure-pieces present that attention to mass and line and that preference for simplicity in composition which are oftener found among the older than the newer painters. He studied for a time under Bonnat in Paris, and Bonnat, along with a certain harshness of brush-work, exemplified and inculcated the old rules of composition and proportion.

Mr. Sartain was born in Philadelphia and began his studies in the school of the Pennsylvania Academy. As the son of the engraver Sartain who published *Sartain's Magazine* he forms a link with the writers, painters and engravers of the middle nineteenth century whom he met or heard discussed at his Philadelphia home. He is indeed a mine of anecdote and incident relating to American art "befo' the wah." When the Society of American Artists was formed in New York he joined those artists who had become impatient of the lethargy that had crept upon the Academy of Design and was chosen a member in 1877. Three years later he was elected an Associate of the National Academy. Since that time he has spent as much time abroad as he has at home, retaining a studio in Paris for the summer and making excursions into Italy and Spain, from which he brought back landscapes and townscapes of a markedly individual character that differ *toto caelo* from the work he used to exhibit in that field prior to 1880.

His earlier work is remarkable for a love of spaciousness and of wide expanses of earth and sky, but also for a restricted gamut of color, as if the Quaker that inheres in the Pennsylvanian had compelled him to observe the gravity and demureness which are registered in the sober garb of the Friends. Naughty Paris—or was it naughty New York?—achieved his emancipation and his palette took on primrose hues, whatever his path may have been; at any rate the landscapes from Spain and Italy form a brilliant contrast by their colors to the brown and gray and puce-colored distances in which his brush once wandered.

His father having been one of the best known engravers of his period, the son learned the burin at an early age. Perhaps it is to this training that is due the precision of his work when painting or drawing buildings or human figures. It can hardly be said, however, that, otherwise, the son was the pupil of the father; on the contrary, William Sartain was rather antagonistic than impressionable to the ideas about art which his father expounded with the greatest vehemence and a perfect faith in his own infallibility. As in religion, so in art, the younger generation is prone to boredom concerning ideas greatly insisted upon by their elders, probably more so in art than in religion. Besides, while many artists do think and talk in terms of fanaticism about their chosen views on art, they cannot go the length of religious fanatics who easily are persuaded, if they do not persuade themselves, that their duty to their fellow-men leaves them no alternative except to offer and to insist upon the acceptance of their method of salvation. If another artist will not take the message, let him join the Philistines—that's all! Sartain appreciated his father's point of view but went his own way.

Sartain has recorded here and there some items interesting to the public as well as artists. Samuel F. B. Morse the President of the National Academy of Design went on to Washington to compete for a large painting to decorate the Capitol; but the commission was given to an inferior artist. On his way back from Washington the indignant Morse told Sartain the elder, with whom he stopped in Philadelphia, that he was done with painting and should thenceforth devote himself to the new marvel, electric distance-writing, and kept his word.

To distinguish Sartain's work in figures, a fancy-piece "Pensierosa" has been engraved on wood by Timothy Cole and is used for this month's frontispiece, while his landscape is somewhat inadequately told by the halftone after a North African canvas "In Algiers" (see page 108). The love of space appears in the latter picture and the reduction of incidents to the fewest possible number, to produce the restfulness and sense of duration that belong to the Orient. The domed building, half tomb of saint, half fortress against marauding brigands, lends a peculiar air to the scene. These are the primitive domes of Persia and North Africa, said to be frequently built of pottery jars ranged in spiral order from circumference to center like the